Legacy

Legacy

Rev W. Cooper
D: Routh
11651 i.14

THE

WILL

OF A CERTAIN

NORTHERN VICAR.

The SECOND EDITION, with CORRECTIONS.

TO WHICH IS ANNEX'D,

A CODICIL.

Here's that wou'd ſack a City.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by

W. BUNCE, in *Ruſſel-Street, Covent-Garden*; the Bookſellers at *Durham*, and *Newcaſtle upon Tyne*; W. TESSYMAN, at *York*; J. LEEKE, at *Bath*:—*Briſtol, Tunbridge, &c. &c.* MDCCLXV.

Price ONE SHILLING and SIXPENCE.

BRITISH MUSEUM
1 APR 30

THE EDITOR *(from the great Desire he has to enforce the Necessity of making* WILLS*) thinks it needless to offer any Apology for this Publication; as he is persuaded the* PUBLIC *will (at once) see the Affair in its proper Light.*

THE

WILL

OF

A REVEREND VICAR.

A *VICAR* once (Lord ſave us all)
A *Lawyer* to his houſe did call,
With full Intent to leave his *pelf*
In truſt with thoſe——moſt like *himſelf*;
The *Lawyer* came——and lookt quite big,
Important, with full bottom'd wig,
And *air ſupreme*——as if the nation
Had waited his determination;

Then lugging out his pens and paper,
He thus beſpoke the rev'rend *Vicar:*
Your *Reverence* (I do preſume)
For *legacies* will make ſome room—
As (Sir) it is a common thing
Before we touch upon the ſtring
Of money matters and ſo forth,
To leave our goods of greater worth,
As *ſermons*, *eſſays* and *old tracts*,
Which well may paſs for certain *facts*;
Such things (Sir) of great *conſequence*,
Diſpatch'd muſt be, in lieu of *pence*:
Then be it ſo——cries out the *Vicar*,
Firſt in the liſt *we'll* place *W. Parker*,
To him (as he's ſo very *callous*)
I give my lecture on the *gallows*;
My *ſ---s* (I think) I'll give to *W---g---d*,
My *ſermons* to my old friend *W---t---d*;
To *Rector L---*, in time of need,
I give my treatiſe on the *creed*,
And to the reverend Mr. *N---r*
My eſſay on *Chevalier Taylor*;

I leave

I leave my eſſay upon *Jaw*
Unto my rev'rend *ſon* in *law*;
And to his *wife* (The preſent load)
My ſmart remarks on *large W. B---g:*
To brother *Bob* (upon my life)
I give my eſſay upon *ſtrife*,
And to my *learned* brother *Nat*,
My curious ſermon on the *Bat*;
My lecture on the *ſun* and *moon*,
I do bequeath to *vicar B---n*,
And to my friend *archdeacon S---p*,
A cur'ous rod to catch a *carp:*
To *Phillips*—who for many a day
Has labour'd hard to lead aſtray
Th' unwary Heart; and baſely ſold
His *Eloquence*—for lack of *Gold*;
I doubtleſs give (tho' I'm no *fool)*
My eſſay on a *Party Tool.*
I give the *univerſities*,
A choice receipt to make *mince-pies*;
And to my friends at *Lincoln-college*,
The neateſt way to ſup *plumb-porridge:*

To

To *lawyer C---r* (without doubt)
My treatiſe on the *Iſle* of *B---*;
Mr. Ellison – And to my friends at *G---ſ---d Park*,
My ſhrewd remarks upon a *ſhark*;
To *C---l---g---d* the *laird* of *U---*
My diſſertation on a *pickthank*,
And to *W. G---n* all my load
Of *curſes* on the *turnpike* road.

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I give the worthy *C---n*
My Eſſay upon *Fornication*,
And to the *members* of the *T---n*,
([redacted]:
My tract on *Elohim* and *Berith*,
I give to *alderman W. P---h*,
And to my ſweet friend *N---l S---ſon*,
My truſty ſon and heir young *Clamp-ſon*.
To *J---y W---g* a ſet of *Curls*, [illegible]
With all my *Oriental Pearls*:

I give

I give my treatiſe upon *land*
Unto the rev'rend Doctor *B---d*,
And to the beauteous Doctor *V--e*
My curious *amber-headed cane*;
My art of *Building* (by his leave)
I give to *maſter Dicky G----e*,
And *waſhballs* too, a curious ſtock,
Wou'd ſcent the *devil* and all his *flock*;
And all my *Epicurean Pans*,
With a *Cambrick* cloth to wipe his hands:
My *beautiful* remarks on *ſlavering*
I give the *wiſe* Sir *T. C--------g*,
And to my *jolly* friend *Tom L----e*
My art of playing on the *fiddle*:
I give my eſſay upon *bacon*
To the *facetious Nat C---n*,
Alſo my treatiſe upon *ſwine*
I do bequeath to *mother B--e*,
And to the worthy folks in *Lawn*
My eſſay on the beſt fed *Brawn*.
I give my family cheeſe *Toaſter*
Unto the reverend Mr. *B------r*,

And

And to the reverend Mr. *D---h*
My curious eſſay upon *Starch*;
The ſecret rare of dreſſing *Dates*
I give the reverend Mr. *Bates*,
As to that *Pedant* Mr. *H--l*,
By Jove——I'll give him *nouſe at all.*
To *Aſkew* too (by way of ſport)
I give my eſſay upon *Port*,
And to my ſtaunch friend *C----y B------g*,
I leave ſome neat remarks on *Hagling.*
My favourite *diſcourſe* on *w-----g*,
Unto the rev'rend Doctor *J----g*,
And to the *deep read* Mr. *L------e*
My lecture *trite* upon a *Piſmire:*
I give *Joe G---n* (*good lad* tho' *vain*)
My ſentiments on *burnt Champagne*,
To *F----------e*, (ſo wond'rous nice)
Of *Parma* cheeſe——a *goodly ſlice*,
And to *Ra. G--y* my riddles all,
Likewiſe my eſſay upon *gall:*
My art of *ſquinting*, (as I live)
To Mrs. *G--y* I needs muſt give,

A *diamond*, that wou'd grace a *king*,
To *Neddy G--y*——ſet in a *ring*;
And to the *excellent* Miſs *S*——*r*
I give my eſſay upon *Fodder*:
My Thoughts on *ven'ſon* and *ſweet ſauce*
To *Doctor Johnſon*—'tis no farce,
And to my *guttling* friend *Jack F---h*
My late diſſection of a *Tench*:
I give to *Alderman Jack B-----t*,
My favourite eſſay upon *Claret*,
And to my good friend *William O--*
The uſe (and ſo forth) of a *cord*:
* * * * * * * * * * *
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The verſes of *Pythagoras*
I give to Sir *Lawrence D----s*,
And to *Black S----* of *Trinity*
Remarks upon a *College Lie*:
To *A---*, that advent'rous *Knight*,
My famous eſſay on a *Fight*:
To *A----n* (by way of reading)
I give my Eſſay on good *Breeding*;

Then

Then to his wife—the *gentle Kitty*,
My doleful eſſay upon *Pity*;
And to his *matchleſs* children *three*,
My quaint remarks on *Tyburn-tree*.

BUT as to all my STOCK OF WEALTH,
By G--, I'll keep *that* to *Myſelf*.——
Sign'd, *Seal'd*, *Deliver'd*, *in* SIXTY ONE,
By *me*, the *Vicar* of *B—d——g—n*.

THE

THE CODICIL.

Sic Volo, ſic Jubeo,
Stat (pro ratione) Voluntas.

AS *God* permits me to *live on*,
E'er ſince my WILL in *Sixty-one*,
A CODICIL ſhall here ſtep in,
And claim his right as next *a-kin*;
A CODICIL ſhall here come *forth*
To match the WILL's moſt paſſing *Worth*:
As *Monthly Critics*, in their *Rage*,
Do ſwear in this *degen'rate Age*,
There's nothing worth their *Goodly Sight*,
Nothing can give them *True Delight*,

It well befits me at this *Time*,
To give my *Legacies* in *Rhime* ;
And *leave* to all my *Friends* a *Prize*,
Leſt They may think I *Them* deſpiſe.
Partial I wou'd by no means ſeem,
For that they well might *Rudeneſs* deem,
And, with great reaſon, ſtrait declare
Point-blank—that I'm a downright *Bear* :
But to take off this *Reflection*,
And keep up a ſtrict *Connection*,
I here reſume with *anxious* care
My *Pen*, to give them all a *Share* ;
Be then *(Good Folks)* upon the *Watch*
Your ſev'ral *Legacies* to *catch*.

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To *M----s* I reſign my *art*
Of *Preaching*—Tho' I'm loth to part
With all the *Praiſe* I *daily hear*,
Full charming to the *Liſt'ning Ear* ;
No matter——ſince I have a *Son*
Whoſe *Eloquence* wou'd move a *ſtone* :

A *Son-*

A *Son-in-law*, whoſe *Air* and *Shape*
Can make both *Men* and *Women gape*,
And force them with *Theatric Bellow*,
* In *Ecſtacy* to cry——*O charming Fellow!*
To *W*[aker]*----s* juſt arriv'd from *France*,
Where he's been taught to *ſkip* and *dance*,
To that *ſpruce Prig* it me behoves,
To leave a pair of *Chicken Gloves*;
And as I know he'd better far
Stick at *Coal-fitting*, than the *Bar*,
What thinks *he*, if to ſweeten *Life*,
He takes my daughter *Peg* for *Wife*;
Who, tho' not *Fair*, is far from *Homely*,
And *like myſelf* is very *Comely*?
A *Capon* larded nicely fine,
A bottle of right *Bourdeaux Wine*
An *Ortolan* and *Partridge Pye*
That's ſeaſon'd moſt *deliciouſly*,

---

* It is hoped that the nice ear of the *Critic* will not be hurt with the Irregularity of the Meaſure of theſe *Lines*: The *Vicar*, tho' a good *Poet*, and a man of *Taſte*, is ſtill of opinion, that *Sound* ſhou'd ſometimes be ſacrificed to *Senſe*.

When *I* of all my *Friends* take *leave*,
To *Nephew Tom* I do *Bequeath*;
I know he loves ſuch *luſcious* meat,
For *D-----y* only *lives* to *Eat*.
To that *ſly Preſbyter* who's *Tongue* *Lowthian*
Is with the *damn'deſt Falſhood hung*,
Who with his *Fair* and *Flaxen Wig*,
In *Pulpit* looks the greateſt *Prig*;
Whoſe baſe *Socinian Heart* I hate,
I wiſh the *Rogue* the *blackeſt Fate*.
To *M------r* who bellows *Greek*,
As naturally as *Pigs* ſqueak,
And who, when far advanc'd in *Liquor*,
Will e'en diſpute with *Benton*'s *Vicar*,
To Him—I leave—my *Books* ſo *Famous*,
Right fit for ſuch an *Ignoramus*;
To *C------s* Curate, *vicious Wight*,
Who drinks his *Tankard* ev'ry night
Thrice brimfull——and with the *Mayor*,
If he can get at better *Fare*;
To Him I leave—my *Pipes* to ſmoke,
To cover all his *Sins*—my *Cloak*.

In

In all my life I never knew
So ſweet a *Man* as *Doctor T--y*;
'Tis *He* who with a *Lilly Hand*
Can with moſt eaſe reform the *Land*;
And all muſt own, whene'er He *Preaches*,
His *manner* moſt *Divinely Teaches*;
So ſays my *Wife*—and for her *Favor*,
I give to *Thee* my *Better Beaver*.
I always did (Thanks to my *Maker*)
Sincerely hate a *ſniv'ling Quaker*;
But for friend *Iſaac*'s nobler *Fire*,
Who dares to *Dubb* himſelf a *Squire*,
I have *Regard*—and make him *Heir*
To all my curious *Pumps* of *Air*.
* * * * * * * * * * *
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To *W---------n* (in lieu of *Pence*)
My charming lines on *I-----e*:
To *Uncle Ralph* for all his *Care*,
My *thickeſt Skin* of *Ruſſian Bear*;
And whilſt *Newcaſtle* holds a *Bank*,
Poſſeſs'd by men of *Worth* and *Rank*,

I give

I give to *Bell*——*(Already made)*
My *Thoughts* on all the *Tricks* of *Trade*;
And to the *Vile* aforeſaid *Humdrum*,
A very excellent *Conundrum*.
To Him, who (like the *King* of old)
Whate'er he toucheth—turns to *Gold*,
C-----*n* I mean—who wou'd not ſtick,
To ſtrike a bargain—*with old Nick*,
I give—('Tis no *improper Hit*)
My *Eſſay* on a *Jeſuit*.
To *Peter C*------, who abhors
The very ſight of *naſty Whores*,
To ſave him from a deal of trouble,
My *Eſſay* on a *Hubble Bubble*.
I give the *corpulent Kitt R*---
My *Lecture* upon *Gingerbread*;
And leave him too (tho' not for *Fun*)
For fear of Harm—*a Wooden Gun*;
At the ſame time (in caſe of *Riot*)
A * *Cockloft*, for to keep him *quiet*:

A *Lad-*

* It is proper to inform the *Reader*----that a *Cockloft* (in caſe of *Imminent* danger, and when the Enemy is cloſe at your Heels) is a moſt

A *Ladder* too) (*Fame do not tattle*)
To *aid him* in the day of *battle:*
And to his worthy *Comorade*,
Who with *'im* ſuch a *Figure* made,
A large *Birch Rod*, that *He* may be
Tickled moſt *exceedingly*.
To *Georgy G---y* (that *Caitiff* vile)
Whoſe very *Boſom* teems with *Guile*,
Who ne'er did in his life commit
An Action of an *Hangman* fit;
Whom (from my ſoul) I do deſpiſe,
I give my *Budget*—full of *Lies*.
To thee (*Great L----*) who driv'ſt the *Quill*,
With ſuch an *Inexpreſſive Skill*;
Whoſe *fluent Tongue*, and *baſeſt Art*,
Has broken many an *Honeſt Heart*;
Who o'er thy *Neighbours* proudly *bears*,
The *Orphan's Cries*, and *Widow's Tears*;

---

moſt admirable *Hiding place:* It is an *Aſylum* worthy of a *J*------ of *P*----, or *C*------ of *M*------: And we don't doubt, but as the Country Gentlemen grow more converſant in *Tactics*, that they will always take care (in the *Hour* of *Battle* and *Minute* of *Danger*) to have ſuch a *Neceſſary* place----near at Hand.

If

If I forget thee, *Pious Joe*,
May I again to *Church* ne'er go;
'Tis *thou* who do'ſt inceſſant feed,
A *naſty, wicked, louſy Breed*;
And like the *Phariſee* of old,
That all thy *Good Deeds* may be told,
In *open Day* beſtows thy *Pelf*,
To ſhew thy *charitable Self*.
To *Him*, who's got ſo rare a *Knack*
Of acting—*as a Party Quack*,
And *changing Sides*, in Hopes to gain
A Mitre——(Tho' ſuch *Hopes* are vain)
I give ('tis but by way of *Puke*)
My *Eſſay* on *Newcaſtle's Duke*.
To *O*— (whoſe *Principles* are able
To hold a conteſt with the *D---l*)
I give (If not content before)
A *Scorpion's Sting*—for evermore.
To that *Fair Spark* whom *Matt* we call,
Ladies, (I'm ſure) ye know him all;
'Tis He who oft abroad does roam,
In hopes to bring a *Counteſs* home;

To Him, who likes not good roaſt *Beef*
I leave a *Bruſh*——to clean his *Teeth*.
To *S*---*l*--- too (that *Coxcomb Vain*)
I *give* my *wonder-working Cane*,
Which (if apply'd with *Vig'rous* arm)
May do *much Good*——but *little Harm*;
It has been try'd (with great ſucceſs)
On *Thoſe* who don't deſerve it *Leſs*.
To *G--y* ('tis *Ralpho* that *I* mean)
Who keeps his *Fiddle-Stick* ſo *Clean*;
Whoſe *Heart* is known to *Overflow*,
With all that *Folly* can *Beſtow*,
Who ſcruples not (*when Fancy ſtrikes*)
To *Act* or *Speak*,—juſt as *He Likes*;
And cares not—*Who* may *Sink* or *Swim*,
Or *Hang*—'Tis all the ſame to *Him*;
I give (In me There is no *Guile*)
My *Eſſay* on a *Scraper Vile*.

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As I for G----e have great regard,
And nobly would his *Worth* reward,
With B------ therefore let him *Wed*,
And take her *Bluſhing* to his *Bed*:
The *Nuptial Song*——*Will Lock* may *Sing*,
And all the *Alnwick Bells* ſhall *Ring*.
I'm ſure I ſhou'd not die in *Peace*,
Or leave my Soul but little *Eaſe*,
If (in my hurry) I forget
My *Darling Jack*—My *ſweeteſt Pet*:
The *Lad* (I hear) is doing *Well*,
And wiſely knows to *Buy* and *Sell*:
As *He* was ever *Shy* and *Backward*,
And in *Addreſs* moſt ſtrangely *aukward*;
To form his *Speech*, and point his *Senſe*,
I leave Him all my *Impudence*.
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

My Friends—To *You* I've often ſaid,
Of L------t I was ſore afraid;
For ſince that *Jovial Day* when *I*
Of *Ven'ſon* eat *Voraciouſly*,

Of *Him* in *Need* I've ſeldom ſtood
Of *Phyſic*—or of *Letting Blood:*
I neither want his *Salves* or *Syrups*,
But *leave Him* both my *Brazen Stirrups.*
* * * * * * * * * *
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To *A*---- *viſor* whoſe *Paper Skull*,
Of *Solos* and *Concertos* full,
Has quite been *Crack*'d—ſince *Fools* wou'd call
His *ſniv'ling* Talents—*Muſical*,
And who in ſpite of *Nature* dares
Compoſe *Dull Songs* and *Sleepy Airs*;
To *Him* I give—*Poor ſimple Fellow*,
My *Opera* of *Punchinello.*
To *Kitty*, whoſe *Diſſimulation*,
Is *equal* to her *Affectation*;
Whoſe *Sland'rous Tongue*, with *Venom* ſwell'd,
Has *Sackleſs Charles* in *Bondage* held,
I give my Wiſh moſt Heartily,
That ſhe may like a *Chriſtian* die.
Thoſe *Unlick'd Cubs*—Thoſe *Matchleſs Three*,
To whom I left my *Triple Tree*,

Whoſe *Education* I bewail,
And juſtly at their *Parents* rail,
I won't forget—But leave them ſtrait
A *choice* and *valuable Freight*
Of *ſaucy Airs*, and *vulgar Fetches*,
Fit only for ſuch *Low-bred Wretches.*
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To *S*---------*d* I'll lend a Lift,
And give Him a *Peculiar Gift*;
A *Charm* that will amend his *Heart*,
And make him act the *Manly Part:*
To his ſweet *Spouſe* I give a *Theme*,
Wrote once in praiſe of *Polypheme.*
To Him who wiſely took the *Lead*,
And thought himſelf well fit to *Head*
A *Loyal* and *Couragious Band*
As any in this *Bleſſed Land*;
I give (tho' He may think I Rave)
My *Eſſay* on a *Soldier Brave:*
And to preſerve Him in good *Health*,
Without diminiſhing his *Wealth*,

My

My *Sweet*, *Engaging Daughter Peg*
Shall teach him how to *ſuck an Egg*.
To *W--d*——who cannot for his *Soul*,
Reſiſt the *Spirit-chearing Bowl*;
Whoſe *Horſe* (on that *Diſaſt'rous Day*,
When He reſolv'd to *Shew* away)
Forſook his Load, and left the *Squire*
To *Roll* and *Tumble* in the *Mire*;
I give ('tis no *unfriendly Boon*)
A very curious *Spontoon*.

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To *F----------e* that *Good Old Man*,
(Let Envy mark him if ſhe can)
Whoſe *Mild* and *Stedfaſt Doctrines* prove
The *Precepts ſweet* of *Chriſtian Love*,
I *leave* my choiceſt *Bleſſings* all,
May God's great *Bounty* on *Him* fall.

* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

O *R*-----

O *R*---, you may reſt aſſur'd
A *Conſcience Black*—can ne'er be cur'd;
A Heart ſo *Foul*, ſo *Dark* as *Thine*,
Cannot be found on this ſide *Tyne*;
Long may'ſt thou feel the *Torments Dire*
That muſt a *Guilty Boſom* fire:
To Thee (with gracious *Intent*)
My *Eſſay* on the Word *Repent*.
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
My neighbour *C*---*n* let me miſs not,
To *Him* I give my *China P*--- *Pot*:
And may I never ſleep again,
But *Toſs* and *Tumble* till my *Brain*
Doth ſplit—if I forget the *Wound*
Thou gav'ſt me, *C*---, when I found
You'd *Bilk'd* my *Daughter* of her *Mite*,
And prov'd *Thyſelf* a *Knave* outright:
'Tis *He*, whoſe *Head* was made to *Fill*
The *Houſe* with *Patriotic Skill*;
And *wiſely* (when the *People's Choice*
Is call'd for by the *Nation's Voice*)

Can

Can *cringe* and *bow*, be quite *Polite*,
Yet cares not for his *Friends* a *Doit*:
To *Him*—(I ſcorn to tell a *Lie*)
My *Eſſay* on *Pompoſity*.
* * * * * * * * * * *

I'm now in *Duty* ſtrictly bound
To *Look* full narrowly around,
Leſt I (by chance) ſhou'd *Friends* miſtake,
And *Welchmen* for *Blunt Ruſſians* take:
'Tis done—and out of *pure good Will*,
(They ſurely cannot take it *Ill*)
I'll give to *my Great Folks above*
A *Specimen* of *Friendly Love*;
For *Favours paſt* on *Me* conferr'd
My *Thanks* till now have been deferr'd.
* * * * * * * * * * *

To *G*------ I *B*equeath my *Sins*,
With *Comments* on the *Outs* and *Ins*:
To *Jemmy T*------- (By the Bye)
My *Lecture* upon *Blaſphemy*:
To *S*------- ('tis by way of *Caution*)
My *Eſſay* on *Self-Preſervation*;

And

And *H*------ (that *Devouring Fox*)
Shall have my *Treatiſe* on the *P*--:
For *B*------ too I'll make ſome *Room*,
His Grace may take a *Weaver's Loom*.
To *N*------ a good *Face* of *Braſs*,
Tho' He may reckon me an *Aſs*,
To give him (if the *Truth* was *Known*)
That which He'll ſcarcely deign to *Own*.
I give to *W*---------my *Pride*,
And teach Him (*likewiſe*) how to *Ride*:
To *W*----*s* (as ſure as I'm alive)
My *Thoughts* on number—*Forty-five*:
And to my worthy Friend *L*--*d B*—*t*,
A very curious *Bald Coot*:
Ld Northumberland To Him——who (*Liberal abroad*)
Doth make his *Tenants* bear a *Load*
Of *Miſery*, and *Deep Diſtreſs*,
Such as we cannot here Expreſs,
I leave, ('tis ſurely no bad Leſſon)
Some *Hints* on *Mercileſs Oppreſſion*.
To *R*---------I *leave* a *Net*,
That he may *Long-nebb'd Birds Beſet*:

To

To *Lincoln Jack* (as ſure as Fate)
My *Eſſay* on a *Sodden Pate*;
And to our *Honorable Biſhop*,
My *Learned Treatiſe* on the *Hiccup*.
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My Female Friends (tho' I am Told
They value nothing but *Hard Gold*)
Shall now come in to end my *Care*,
And help to crown the *Bill of Fare*.
My cap *Poetic* (ſeldom put on)
I now *Bequeath* to Mrs. *B----n*,
And freely (as a ſon of *Phœbus*)
Preſent her each *Lampoon* and *Rebus*,
I (in my very *Youthful* days)
Compos'd for ſake of *Pence* or *Praiſe*;
Kitty's poſſeſs'd of ev'ry *Art* —
But (*Shame to tell*) ſhe wants a *Heart*.
For *Huſband* why ſhou'd *Bella* moan,
And ev'ry *Winter* lye alone;
Has *London* left no *Tender Swain*,
To eaſe the *Maiden*'s *Love-ſick Pain*;

For who like *Waters* can Engage,
Or charm the *Youth*, or win the *Sage*:
My Bella's 'plaint ſhall then be heard,
And *Moncaſter* (upon my word)
Muſt be the *Man*—*Hail Happy Pair!*
None but the Brave deſerve the Fair.
To—— *, If 'tis no *Crime*
To wiſh *her Heart* in *Tune* with *Mine*,
I give (Tho' it may prove a Curſe)
Myſelf for *Better* or for *Worſe*:
When *dead*—in *Charity* conceal
The *Faults* I can no longer *Feel*;
E'en let my *Memory* be *Loſt*,
Nor ſuffer it one *Tear* to *Coſt*:
May *Health* preſerve her long to Live,
And to *Her* ev'ry *Bleſſing* give.
* * * * * * * * * *
Where *Tenderneſs* with *Senſe* combin'd,
Add *Finiſh'd Graces* to the *Mind*;
Where *Poliſh'd Eaſe* and *Lovely Grace*,
Adorn each *Beauty* of the *Face*;

* This is a *Pathetic Addreſs* to a *Lady*, (of whom the *Vicar* is paſſionately fond) and who (in caſe of his *Wife*'s death) he is determined to *marry*.

There *Radiant Virtue* takes her *Seat*,
And dwells *Secure* at Thy *Retreat:*
Endearing ———! on *Thee*,
Whoſe very *Soul* is *Harmony*;
May each *Domeſtic Bliſs* attend,
And *Happineſs* without an End.
To *Thoſe Three Fair* in *Weſtgate* Street,
Thoſe Unſtain'd Virgins—Mild and *Sweet*; Miss Robinson's
To *Beſs* I leave a *Spinning Wheel*,
To *Jane*—an *Ivory Rock* and *Reel*;
To *Annie* (once *Divinely Fair*)
Coſmetics—To preſerve her *Hair*.
To ------ ---- I leave a *Section*,
On all that conſtitutes *Perfection*;
My *Lecture* on *Italian P*---,
To *Lady B*---*y*—with a *Kiſs*;
And to the *Dutcheſs* of *D*---*s*,
My *Eſſay* on a *Looking Glaſs*.

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My

My *Underſtanding*—*Thick* and *Dull*,
And my *Impenetrable Skull*,
I *give* to all thoſe *Hirelings vile*,
Who *Monthly Scandal* do compile:
Of *Authors*—They're the *Loweſt Tribe*,
And not above the *Meaneſt Bribe*:
Poor Paultry Raſcals—who for *Pay*,
Wou'd ſwear their very *Souls* away.
By this, *Review'rs*—I mean to Tell
The World—*I* know *You* all full well,
That for your *Gibes* and *Wit* ſo ſmart,
I care not (*On my Soul*) a *F--t*.
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* * * * * * * * * * *
Farewell my *Friends*—*I* think *I've* done,
And have *Rewarded* ev'ry *One*;
But yet if *Health* ſhou'd ſtill *attend*,
And *Fortune* farther Proves my *Friend*;
I muſt confeſs—*I* ſhall be *Fain*,
To let *You* Hear from *Me*——*Again*.

FINIS.